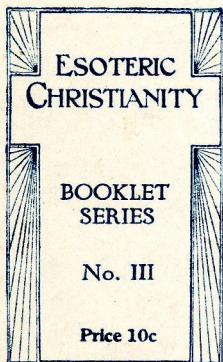
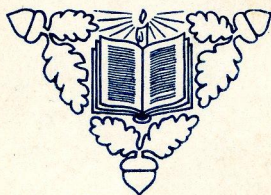


Part 10 B.

THE REAL SUPERMEN



20
MAX WARDALL

THE REAL SUPERMEN

By MAX WARDALL

Editor "ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY"

Author Esoteric Booklet Series

ESOTERIC FACTS OF CHRISTIANITY

THE MAJESTY OF PAIN

HEALTH AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

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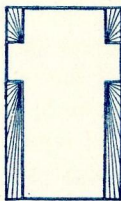
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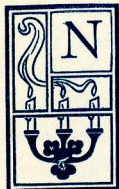
1917

THE REAL SUPERMEN

No man knows what is meant by
the unspeakable glories of the
Kingdom unless he has
conceived the
Superman



The Real Supermen



O teaching of modern times has been more heartily received and less understood than that of the supermen. One feels, in approaching the subject, like a pioneer breaking ground in a country that is raw and new and full of pitfalls. This feeling may be attributed to many intellectual obstructions that stand in the way of a clear perception of a subject of this kind.

During the last few years an increasing number of the most intelligent and thoughtful of our race have argued that if evolution be a fact and immortality be conceded, then there must be those of our race who have passed the stage of human ineptitude and frailty and have become supermen, but even these have no adequate or clear idea of who these beings are, where they dwell or what they do. They have become vaguely conscious of a rumor that in the far East, the land of contemplation and mystery, dwell those we call Adepts, Masters, Mahatmas and Avataras, but these terms convey no significance beyond the current misconceptions of the day. There is a reason why we have so little to help us in an understanding of this subject, and that reason leads us back to our past theological training.

We have imbibed so many false and obscuring conceptions about ourselves that we must clear away a confusing tangle of ideas before we can begin.

It was not so long ago that man thought of himself as the center of the Universe. He looked up at the million stars careening through space and the great planetary denizens of the sky, and thought of them as placed there for his sole and exclusive benefit, as existing merely to give him light and entertainment. When a comet flashed across the sky or the sun suffered an eclipse, he looked upon these happenings as evidence of God's pleasure or displeasure at some mere human performance. He viewed that which lay beneath him in the same way. The minerals, vegetables and animals were God's offering to him and awaited his pleasure. No other purpose had they than to give him food, shelter and a certain amount of aesthetic delight. We now know that these ideas are wholly erroneous. There are millions of worlds in the Kosmos, beside which our own little earth is a negligible speck. The worlds and universes do not exist for us—they are not ethereal street lamps to guide us on our way. They are wheeling through space in response to a destiny of their own, and, for aught we know, are peopled with inhabitants who look out upon our tiny globe and wonder if it is not put there for their especial entertainment.

Nor do the animals, vegetables and minerals exist

for us any more than we exist for them. They have the same underlying evolutionary impulse as we, the same up-reaching for higher ends. "Nothing walks with aimless feet," but together in a mighty, well-ordered and correlated plan we climb the ladder of achievement. Intelligence shows in these kingdoms as consciousness, in man as self-consciousness, in the superman as all-consciousness. This life or intelligence, as has been said, "sleeps in the mineral and vegetable, dreams in the animal and awakes in man." If we get this viewpoint, we are never again the same. We do not go ruthlessly about taking the lives of the animal kingdom and laying thoughtless waste to nature's glorious achievements. The idea takes away our sense of self-importance. We know, once for all, that man represents but one step in the ladder of lives that stretch from the granite hills to God.

These facts must be perceived if you would know of the supermen, and there is yet one more maze of ideas we must clear away before we shall be free. These concern our past teachings about God.

We have here imbibed some soul darkening illusions that have beclouded and befogged our reason. We have learned of God as a person with human attributes and characteristics, a being susceptible to the passions that afflict humanity. He creates a human soul every second and destroys another at the same time. After creating these helpless entities, He

watches them, and from time to time stoops down from His lofty realm of inaccessible grandeur and rewards for good deeds and punishes for the evil, and at death decrees for the majority what he must have known and provided for at birth, an eternity of inescapable torment. Scarcely one in a thousand of these creations of His shall ever see His face; the others are rushing headlong to destruction. Nor can any of us ever conceive or comprehend His purposes, for His ways are inscrutable. We cannot understand the supermen if we hold to this ancient and evil image of Him, for this idea is utterly inconsistent with a Universe of law and order in which things happen in obedience to established sequence and under the rule of perfect justice.

God, or the Logos of our Universe, is not a person, but is the spiritual habitation and matrix of our worlds. He is that and more, for He exists beyond that Universe. "With a fragment of myself I made the Universe and still remain." He is the all-enfolding and sustaining life that inheres in every organic and inorganic substance. The spirit which underlies each manifestation is unfolding through a process called evolution. This process is orderly and sequential, and proceeds with all-compelling might and dignity. There is no interference with the operation of the laws underlying this growth. God does not stoop down and freshen the blighted leaf. He does not water the desert or drain the swamp. All conditions

inimical to growth are to be overcome by the fragments of Himself who are evolving into His likeness through experience in myriad forms. So lives He in the heart of man; yet beyond as the efficient, operative intelligence of the universal plan. He does not create a soul every second when a babe is born. The soul that appears as a babe is not fresh from His hand, but has existed from the beginning in some form. The evolution and growth of human beings from the point of individualization to perfection and union with the Father is an essential part of the plan. We are not helpless automatons created by an unknown and unknowable power who decrees before our birth whether we shall survive or perish, but are dignified, self-conscious centres of Divine life, immortal in nature and imperishable in substance. Our growth involves the slow approach of our objective, cognitional intelligence to His all-encompassing intelligence. This approach involves ages of growth. Through many forms man has garnered knowledge of natural law and at each birth brings with him the hidden reservoirs of knowledge gained in that past. Each life gives him a greater capacity to understand what God is doing. A crude metaphor may serve to illustrate our meaning. The world is a great workshop in which are toiling millions of men. In the middle of that workshop is a hidden room where dwells the Master workman. All the plans and designs of the workshop are with him,

and through overseers and lieutenants, He Himself, unseen, directs the slow outworking of the plan. But the millions of workers who rush here and there in search of tools and material are quite unconscious of the hidden Master Builder. Each works blindly and heedlessly with the tools nearest at hand; he does not know that there are others about him who are making designs that, when placed with the product of his own hand, will make something for the ultimate Master design. He does not even know that there is a plan or a Master Planner. Feverishly and unrestingly he works, seeing and hearing naught. The vast majority of mankind are such as he.

There is a second class in the workshop, who have, from time to time, caught glimpses of messengers coming and going from the hidden room, who have, with widening eyes, watched their fellow workmen, perceiving that their work was supplementary to their own and apparently part of the same structure. These begin dimly to sense the existence of a plan in which all are workers and co-operators in its completed design. Vaguely they feel the brooding of a mighty Will over the workshop. Sometimes this sweeps through them, vitalizing them with new energy and a boundless desire to work harder and more faithfully in the execution of the plan they cannot see nor wholly understand. Many of the human race are reaching

this point of realization. You who read perhaps are one.

There is yet a third class of workers in the workshop. They are those who have, through diligence, earnestness and unselfish fidelity, earned the right to enter the hidden room of the Master Builder and there to inspect the plans and become fully cognizant of His purpose. Once they have done this, they are so overpowered by the magnificence, the transcendent glory of the structure that is building, in which each workman shall have a share, that they thereafter dedicate their lives and energies to the speeding up of the workmen. Each one becomes a supervisor, a foreman, an overseer of the others. His duty is now to instruct those who as yet are blind, in greater skill and intelligence in their work, and where possible to show them something of the big plan he has seen.

To the third class belong the supermen, the masters, the saviors and prophets of the world. Together in the hidden room of the Master Builder, in the light of His perfect knowledge, and united heart and soul with His mighty will, they plan new ways to bring the darkened minds of the workers, with whom they once labored, side by side into tune and touch with the Master Builder. From time to time, One goes forth to teach and inspire the workmen. Sometimes several go in different directions, teaching the same lesson in different ways, suited to the stage the

workmen have reached in understanding. These are the true emissaries of the One, the Saviors, Avatars and Prophets who minister to the carrying out of the Divine will.

Many who look about upon this world, filled with blood, lust and human slavery, wonder if amidst all the hideous turmoil an orderly plan can exist. Looking at the world with sightless eyes of flesh, we can see no plan at all, much less a beautiful one. The world seems a vast charnel house rather than a school for a potential God, but looked at with the eye of the spirit, we see what Edwin Arnold saw:

“Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.

“This is its touch upon the blossomed rose,
The fashion of its hand shaped lotus-leaves;
In dark soil and the silence of the seeds
The robe of Spring it weaves.

“Out of the dark it wrought the heart of man,
Out of dull shells the pheasant’s pencilled neck;
Ever at toil, it brings to loveliness
All ancient wrath and wreck.

"It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved
Except unto the working out of doom;
Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain
The shuttles of its loom.

"It maketh and unmaketh, mending all;
What it hath wrought is better than hath been;
Slow grows the splendid patterns that it plans
Its wistful hands between."

If the reader has followed with care that which has preceded, he will at once see that God's plan of perfection involves the co-operation of the human race. He does not save us. We save ourselves. Slowly as we come into knowledge of His purposes we set about to give that knowledge to others and to serve the whole human family in the largest and most comprehensive way. We are co-partners as well as co-workers with the Deity, for shall we not share in the glory of the Kingdom? His love for those who shall be lifted up into Union with Him is, of course, the one great reality in life. The most permanent monument of that love is found in the teaching and guidance ever given His children through the mouths of prophets and sages. Scan the pages of the past and you will find that He has never left us forlorn. When a people critically needed help and inspiration, He sent to them one of the Supermen, who gave to that nation

treasures of wisdom and learning. He sent Vyasa to the early Aryan people; Buddha and Shri Krishna to the Hindu; Zoroaster to the Persians; Mohammed to the Arabians; Orpheus to the Greeks; Tahuti to the Egyptians; and Christ to Europe and the West. These great Teachers, who loom and tower above the statesmen and warriors of the past as the great oaks loom above the earthbound shrubs, these Beings were not unique, special creations of the Logos to show humanity how great was the glory of God, but were perfected human beings who unveiled the potential glory of man. Of course, I recognize that the Western mind regards Christ as the only begotten Son of God and the only Savior the world ever had, but scholars, students and thinkers everywhere have repudiated this narrow provincialism and now recognize that the Scriptures of other religions contain a depth of beauty and inspiration that mark them as the products of supermen. While we may retain our preference for the Christian teaching and may believe that Christ was the last and most perfected of all the Supreme Teachers, we should be willing to accord to the other religions and their Founders our deepest reverence and gratitude.

These great Teachers, then, were once men like ourselves, who have outstripped us in the race for the goal of human attainment. They have, in past ages, in human bodies, climbed the long way upward to the

summit of personal achievement. Let us not think of them as unique expressions of God, and that we may not, by imitation, become like them. Truly, when we look at ourselves, with our frail intelligence and frailer moralities, we wonder if we can ever hope to stand where they stand. Something of this feeling might affect the dull and brutal savage if he could for a moment comprehend the mind and heart of a Newton, a Shakespeare or an Emerson, yet they belong to the same human family; age of soul alone makes the difference. The baby soul of the savage will one day tower into majestic manhood. He will go the impossible way and do the impossible deed. The soul of that savage, after death, will come again to this earth he so little understands, and in a new body will gather new lessons of life, and after many lives he will also become one of the children of light. Unless it be true that the soul can take a new habitation on earth where it may gain more experience, carrying that wealth of experience on and on into the enlarging soul consciousness, then, unless reincarnation be true, the ideal of the supermen is factitious and meaningless.

A Plato, a Pythagoras, a Bruno, a Newton, a Bacon, a Shakespeare, an Emerson, a Lincoln go steadily onward until they have reached the Superman goal. Many of those I have named were, when the world knew them, pressing close on the threshold of attainment. Indeed, he who was once

known as Pythagoras, the master mind of Greece, has, since that incarnation, become a Master and lives, even now, in the heart of Tibet, and is, to all who know Him, a superb example of that peerless wisdom and kingly grace of those who, having overcome, "become pillars in the house of God and go out no more." As much may be said of Lord Bacon, who lived in England during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I and gave, through his powerful and illuminating intellect, the greatest impetus to science and philosophy. He has also become one of the sovereigns of the law. He is known as the Master Rakoczi, and dwells in Austria-Hungary in the ancestral home of that ancient family.

Those who know him on this plane, or another, speak of his flashing radiance, his indomitable will, his high chivalry and invincible ardor for the salvation of the human race.

There are many others known in the annals of history as splendid in devotion and valiant in faith who have reached this stage, where human life is seen from above and understood and lived without pain or friction.

All over the world are souls mounting toward this spiritual eminence, and in the years to come many more will find that "straight and narrow path that leads to everlasting life."

It is characteristic of those who have attained

that they live for the good they may do. We know that the sign and seal of greatness is the love and capacity for unselfish service, and in this respect the Masters stand supreme, for not only have they an almost inexhaustible capacity for usefulness, knowing as they do every turn in the road of human attainment, and having exact knowledge of how to teach human beings the way to liberation, but they are truly and absolutely devoted to us. They love us with a pure and incorruptible passion, and labor incessantly to help us. You say, How can this be?. Let us suppose you were the eldest brother of a large family, and the family was wretchedly poor and unhappy. The children, ill-clothed, poorly fed, feverish and sick, lifting pleading hands for help. Suppose you became fabulously rich. What would you do? Would you not seek to take away the poverty and wretchedness of your little brothers and sisters? Would you not make them rich, too? It is so with the Masters and the Savior of men. They know us, the members of the human family, as the little ones at the family table. It is not a mere sentiment with them as with some of us; brotherhood to them is a living, irresistible reality. They see with clear certainty the invisible tissue that binds us all together into a single organic whole. This was the reason that Christ loved us so deeply. He loved us with a passion and a fortitude that no insult or anguish could for a moment dispel or

overpower. He loved the sinner behind his rags of sin; He loved the ruler behind his trappings of state; He loved the leper, the woman of sin, the outcast, the homeless, the helpless, the wretched. Yes, He loved these best, for, like the tender mother, He loved most those who needed Him most.

This idea of the superman is not, let it be understood, an exclusive product of the religious world, for many evolutionists, philosophers and scientists have believed and taught the doctrine of the superman.

Huxley, the brilliant expositor of the Darwinian theory, stated that if immortality and evolution be accepted, then supermen would be inevitable, and that above us would loom men so great in intelligence that their minds would be to ours as are ours to the black beetle.

Nietzsche, the German philosopher, said, "I teach you the Superman. Man is something to be surpassed. The Superman is the meaning of the earth." It is only fair to say, however, that Nietzsche's idea of the superman is radically different from the one dealt with here. We speak of them as utterly and wholly devoid of self-interest. Having mastered all that earth has for them, in perfect and absolute control of nature's forces, they may either go onward into other and higher schemes of work and accomplishment, or turn back and lift us up. They choose the latter because of that intense compassion which is

characteristic of those who have unfolded their inner powers.

Nietzsche refers to them as wholly selfish, tyrants of power, men whose veins run red with fire, power, tumult and splendor, men with souls luxuriant, tropical, vital and intense, but, alas! lacking in that greatest of all virtues, love. Nietzsche discards, with one heroic fling, the whole ideal of human brotherhood and race solidarity. His ideal grew out of Herbert Spencer's concept of selfishness no doubt, for Spencer tells us that there is only one "grande passion," only one great, consuming, undiminishable love, one that never wearies or dies, and that is the love of self. If you rush into a burning building at the peril of your own life to save another, you do so because you are selfish! He tells us that it is impossible to conceive an unselfish thought or feel a selfless impulse.

If Spencer be right, then Christ and the prophets were wrong. He said, "Love your neighbor as yourself." If selfishness is the basic evolutionary impulse, then such an injunction is futile and meaningless. A selfish man can not love anyone as much as himself or as a part of himself.

We find in nature abundant evidence that the religious Teachers knew what they were talking about when they said that, "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

All through nature there runs a strain of conflict and destruction, but when we examine more

closely we find that there is a purposeful effort made everywhere to co-operate in all ways. Even more, there is a definite spirit of surrender of the individual for the good of the group or species. The rock dissolves and becomes food for the plant; the plant surrenders to the animal; the animal becomes subservient to man. Some will say, "This is an unwilling surrender," but let us see. Away down on the borderland of being are little single-celled entities we call amoeba. Devoid of brain or functions of any kind, they yet display a clear, intelligent comprehension of life in its relation to their own organism. They go about without hurry or waste, living their lives, and when they are full grown, they give up their individual existence in procreation. Their offspring take the life of the parent cell. In the waters of the Northwest Pacific we have a salmon called the Sockeye, which is spawned in the mountain streams that lead to the sea. At the age of six months it comes down from the spawning ground and sails out into the unknown waters. We hear no more of the little salmon until it appears three years later, a full-grown Sockeye. During those three years it has ranged far and wide, but its life course now has reached the zenith. It has returned to the mouth of the stream where it was spawned, and it has only one purpose, to find the graveled shore where it was born. Devoured by a consuming impulse to give up its life on the altar of

posterity, it climbs slowly, painfully and perilously up the foaming mountain torrent until it finds its shrine. No peril daunts it, no difficulty that it will not surmount on the strange pilgrimage of death. At last it finds the spot, by what instinct we know not. But here with its mate it spawns, and with the spawning comes a slow and certain death. Shall we call this selfishness? Is it biologically necessary to name it at all? Some say it is the "cosmic urge" that induced this creature to surrender all, even life itself, for posterity. Very well, what is the cosmic urge? It is the **EVOLUTIONARY IMPULSE**, and the evolutionary impulse is **LOVE**. And we now understand why the Supermen exemplify in a perfect degree the spirit of unselfishness and sacrifice, because the same spirit, showing in the lower creatures as self-surrender for the good of the whole, shines out gloriously in the perfected fruits of evolution. They exemplify conscious, joyful surrender for the good of all, while in the salmon we have the unconscious cosmic urge which impels to sacrifice.

Dwelling in the secret places of the Most High, abiding in the shadow of the Mighty Presence, these perfected men engage in selfless labors, which we strive in vain to portray, yet there is one service they perform for us which is partially within the range of our understanding. You may think of them as one of their disciples has pictured them, standing on a

mountain peak, gazing over the valley of the world. Over this dark valley of materialism and ignorance their slow and unimpassioned eyes are ever ranging, seeking for those who, by unselfishness and purity of life, are preparing unconsciously to become Their disciples. When one such is found, he appears to Them like a light flaming in the darkness, and They seek him out and in the quiet hours of the night, while his body sleeps, They lead him along the "straight and narrow way that leads to everlasting life," until he, too, at last becomes a Savior of the race. He may not, during his waking hours, remember clearly the teaching he had learned in the higher worlds, but consciously or unconsciously, They

"Are yet the fountain light of all his day,
Are yet a master light of all his seeing."

The strong sweep of the evolutionary current will eventually bring the whole human race into touch with them, but there will be many who will go on before. To them, the spiritual pioneers of our race, we shall give undying gratitude and ceaseless homage.

A botanist and scientist, who, underneath the bloom of the hollyhock and the golden rod, caught a glimpse of the Vision Beautiful, has told the story for us:

"A fire mist and a planet, a crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
Then caves where cave men dwell.
A sense of law and beauty, a face turned from the clod,
Some call it Evolution,
Others call it God.

"A haze on the far horizon,
An infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfield,
And wild geese flying high,
And all over the lowland and upland
The charm of the goldenrod.
Some of us call it Autumn,
Others call it God.

"Like tides on the crescent sea beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts' high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,
Come from that mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot hath trod.
Some of call it Longing,
Others call it God.

"A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood,
And millions humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod.
Some call it Consecration,
Others call it God."

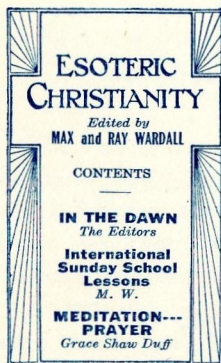
A Magazine of the Hour

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Editors, Max and Ray Wardall

Business Manager, Jean Stovel

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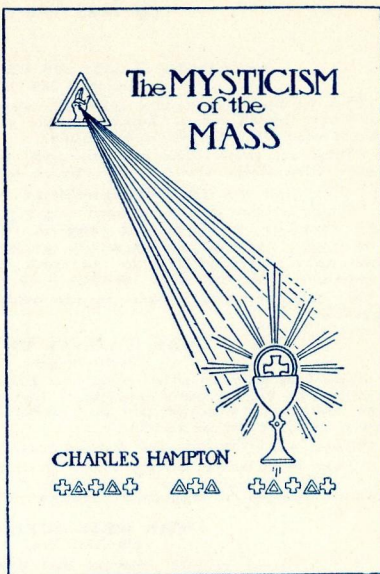
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